Bacchus Conculcatus,

OR,

SOBER REFLECTIONS

UPON

DRINKING.

AN

ESSAY.

——— Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse: Et non potuisse refelli.

By *Philander Antiphiloinos*, A Probationer.

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THE DEDICATION, TO ALL THE WORLD,

Parve, nec invideo, ſine me Liber ibis in Orbem;
Ah! Tecum Domino non vacat ire Tuo.

My little Book into the World I ſend Thee;
Oh! I'm not alwayes preſent to defend Thee,
Yet Generous Souls will Thee, and Me Protect,
Againſt what Mome, *or* Zoïl *dares Object.*

BACCHUS CONCULCATUS,
OR
SOBER REFLECTIONS
UPON
DRINKING.

ROUSE, Rouſe, my Soul, mind ſomewhat more Divine,
Then Souce thy ſelf in Liquors ne're ſo fine.
Sure, theſe were not the Steps *Romes* Founder Trode
When he deſign'd Above to make Abode.
The Stars, ſure, have not Damn'd Thee to this Fate
A Fate more Cruel then the Damned's State,
If any ſuch could be.————

'Twas never Love to Liquor did incline
Thy eaſie Heart to Temporize in Wine.
Thy Nature hates it, what's the Motive then?
Thou may'ſt pretend, It was to pleaſe ſome Men:
Thus the firſt Glaſs doth gently over Glyde,
And after it, the other on does ſlyde.
The Frollick once begun, the Brain once Fir'd,
[illegible] is moſt Deſir'd

The Heart thus Warm'd, the Nature's changed quite,
Quite other things the Fancy does endite.
When Fancy's mounted on a Drunken Throne,
He will be *Cæsar*, or He will be none.
His dissipated Thoughts range here and there,
All Paramount, Builds Castles in the Air.
He Talks of Mighty Things then from his Friends,
And direful Vengeance to his Foes intends.
No Loyalist to him, Though void of Reason;
But by, and by, He stumbles into Treason.
For *Pro*, and *Con*, in all points he'll Dispute
Till Foyl'd, and Laught at, forced to Sing mute.
No Talk but Fill the Glasses, Fill, Fill, Fill,
Whose Health is this? In Brimmers let us Swill.
We'll Kiss, we'll Kick, we'll Bounce, we'll Damn, and Swagger,
We'll Ramble, though we scarcely well can Stagger.
As Frenticks act a thousand Antick tricks,
Till some Brisk Squire on point of Honour Sticks:
And then the merry Meeting of the Barrel,
Dissolves into a Dirty Drunken Quarrel.
Or else the Stomach, wiser then her Owner,
Turns Nauseous, and Revocks least he should Drown her,
And after this, if any Sense remains
Within the half Confounded witless Brains
Falls to't again, And the whole Scene Renews,
Till forc'd to Shrink away, and once more Spews;
To Drink another Glass not being able,
He Slingers Home as Ship *Sans* Sail or Cable,

If not Supported, Catches frequent Falls,
Not able to get up, on All Four Crawls.
Loſes a Hat, and Spoils a Silken Suite,
Disjoynts an Arm, or breaks a Leg to boot.
At laſt at Home arrives our Squire, and then
If he have as much Senſe, Cryes who's there Ben?
Then enters Stagg'ring, Huffs, and Domineers,
Hectors, Bravadoes, Curſes, Damns, and Swears:
Ripps up old Sores, long Acted, and Forgot.
And at his Nod all preſent they muſt Trot.
Thus he continues till his Eyes grow Dim,
Off with his Cloaths; That Night no more of him.
Sometimes his Worſhip is ſo very Struit,
Benumm'd he enters, and continues Mute,
Creeps into Bed on Hands, and Feet, and muſt
With his Diſ-robing one or other Truſt;
And having lay'd his Head upon the Cod,
Somnus Arreiſts him with a Drowſy Nod.
Thus Lyes our Prince, and his Chimera Glory
And for that time, There's no more of the Story
Till in the Night, awakn'd by a Drowth,
Cryes, where's the Stoup? and ſets it to his Mouth.
His Gumms Cool'd, and Burnt Liver Quench'd, a main:
He layes him down, and falls to Sleep again.
Thus Sleeps, and Slumbers on, till in a Fright.
He does Awake, Scar'd by the Morning Light.
Takes th' other Drink, Lyes down; But Sleep's his Toil.
From Side to Side, He does himſelf Turmoil.

Slowly

Sloutching he Lyes, but finds no ſolid Reſt,
To Riſe, or Ly, He knows not which is beſt,
With various Thoughts his Soul is ſo Oppreſt.
Slighted Affairs, Stareing upon him Cryes,
He muſt get up; though ſcarce has Pow'r to Riſe.
His Burning Veins Tormenting ev'ry Part,
An Acheing Head, a Sick and Squeemiſh Heart,
At laſt diſperſt the Fumes of laſt Nights Drinking,
In Soberneſs, He falls to Sober Thinking:
When He begins with Horrour to look back.
On each Extravagant, Mad Word and Act;
His Soul then Sinks, without Hopes of Relief,
Diſſolv'd into a Sable Swoon of Grief.
His Rueful Thoughts puts him on Rack, anon
His Heart is melted in a Fainting Groan.
He the Remembrance hates of Follies paſt,
And in Oblivion would them gladly caſt:
But All's in vain; perforce he muſt Remember
Thoſe things at which he Trembles in each Member.
At laſt Recov'red, thus he Ruminates
And with himſelf He thus Expoſtulates.

Can all my Drunken Frollicks, Mirth, and Joy
Ballance what now does my poor Soul Annoy?
Nay, though extended to Eternity,
This very Moment ſhould them all outweigh.
Beſides, I find ſtrong Drink doth Mock, and Wine
Doth Counteract Me in my beſt Deſign;

By Exceſs I have loſt my Deareſt Friends
And Diſoblidg'd them, without Hopes of 'menᵈs.
My wounded Reputation Bleeding Lyes,
My Blaſted Credit by this Folly Dyes.
To all the World, I'm made a Laughing Stock,
And Look'd upon, but as a Drunken Block.
And as the Fools Heart fails Him in the Way
By this My hidden Weaknes I Bewray
Without all Courage, Conduct, or an Heart,
Loſing my Time, can no wa es Act my Part.
Impaired Health Death Uth'ring in too faſt:
A Mould'ring Fortune Negligence doth Blaſt.
I have in needleſs, horrid Hazards Run
Precipitant; not having Senſe to ſhun.
I've ſpoke what I with Horrour call to Mind,
Aſham'd to own, that e're I ſuch Deſign'd.
Religions Scandal; Piety Diſgrac'd:
Offence to God; His Image quite Defac'd.

Of Drinking th' Bad Concomitants ſurmount
All that the greateſt Penman can Recount.

Then let Me all the World pardon Crave.
I'le hence for no Man, be to Drink a Slave.

Almighty Jah! *Grant that I Stedfaſt Stand*
In this Reſolve, *Obeying thy Command.*